THE LIFE and DEATH of Thomas Wolsey Cardinall.

Diuided into three parts:

His { Aspiring, Triumph, and Death.

By Thomas Storer Student of Christ-church in Oxford.

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To the Worshipfull M. Iohn Howson, *Chaplaine to her Maiestie.*

Ase *Vulcans* crowne with Laurell to adorne,
That still stands plodding by his Anuills side,
Would make the seely smith be laught to scorn,
And wiser heads the fooliſh gift deride.

Euen so some *Thrasoes* fancy to haue fed,
With Muses flowres that know not what they be,
Had bin to bring *Silenus'* Asse a bed,
That vnderstands a rime as well as he.

Which made me consecrate this verse of mine
To him, that can with iudgement reade the same,
Yet stand not too præcize on euery line.
But rather such a web as I could frame
In slender lines, yet slender as they be,
My Muse *Arachne*-like presents to thee.

Thomas Storer

Ad Thomam Storerrum de suo Tho: Wolsæo Hendecasyllabi.

DVm tu trima tui Storerre fata
Wolsæi triplici canis libello,
Ortus quis celebrem tulit Iuventam,
Incrementa viri stetêre quanta,
Occasus Sene qualis est potitus:
Quæ res cunq; bonum queant in vsum
De quôuis hominum statu notari,
Pertractare tuum satis videtur
Diuerso vnum elegans stylo Poêma.
Quid dicam? magis es Storerre vates,
Tu tam magnifico pius parenti?
An Wolsæe tuus cinis beatus,
Quem tot post hyemes recens tepentem
Hic nostro genitus poeta in æuo,
Grata mente, sacrâ reponit vrnâ,
Argento meliore, item lapillis,
Et gemmis pretiosiore, ferro,
Nec non ære perennior cuncta
Mausolæa supra; Poesis vrna est
Non de fossa fœtus humo recondi,
Nec per secla situ premi futuros
Informi metuens apud nepotes.
Hæc est, ingenij memor character,
Æterna hac nota posteris dicata
Quâ serinimium licet priorem
Wolsæum recolent tamen recenti,
Famâ, par meritis quod est duorum:
Et Thomæ scio Maximi Patroni,
Et Thomæ reor optimi Poetæ,
Plusquam corpore, sic valentis arte.

VT NOS VNDA.

Prosopopœia Wolseij.

FOrtuna auspicibus nostra non immemor ipse
Templa Deo, Musis mœnia constituí.
Iusta nec abrupti surgunt in culmina muri,
Contigerat summum vita nec ipsa gradum.
Par eademq; mei est aviq; operisq; ruina;
Par iterumq; mihi vita operiq; datur.
Musa quidem hæc nostras imitata, est penè ruinas,
Et iacuit longo semisepulta situ.
Nunc tamen eripuit fœdis me, seq; tenebris.
Hæcq; Amphionio mœnia forte modo
Restituat, Citharam si intenderet altiùs; at qua
Speret ab ingratis præmia temporibus?
Ruderibus sed vive tuis domus inclita vive
Vate tuo, & truncum tolle sub astra caput.
Nulla tuam valeat premere inde ruina ruinam,
Nulla meam. Cineri stant bene facta suo.

Eduardus Michelborne... says Wood, was the most noted Latin Poet in the University.

Vid. Fasti - I. 235.

De Wolseide & Momo.

LEgerat Aoniam nuper Wolseida Momus;
Curq; nihil toto viderat esse libro,
In quo liuenti genuinum frangeret ore,
Talibus ora ferox soluit hiulca modis;
Hà malè! Quem versu morientem inducit, eundem
Æternùm versu viuere Musa facit.

Thomæ Wolsæi & Reginaldi Poli Cardinal. Angl. comparatio.

LIs erat an maior Polus, an Wolsæus uterq;
Magnus, Cardinei splendor uterq; chori:
Tempora purpureo redimitus uterq; Galero,
Insula cum lauru cinxit utriq; comam;
Ausoniâ triplici cingendus uterq; Tiarâ,
Si suus ex merito quemque maneret honos:
Hinc cumulos Wolsæus opum; Polus inde parentes,
Hic Proauûm laudes iactat, & ille suas:
Alter Romanos, patrios habet alter honores,
Ingenio Vlsæus maior, at arte Polus.
Tu litem, Storere, secas, super alta ferendo
Sydera Wolsæum laude, superq; Polum.

Carolus Fitzgeofridus Latiforensis.

COnceits true *Storer*, when I view'd of late,
Thy new-borne *Wolsey*, while he did remaine
As in the matrice, yet inanimate,
An imperfected embrion of thy braine.

O how my feareful thoughts misaugured,
Least *Wolsey* like the worke himselfe did frame,
Should euer thus stand inaccomplished,
Which none dare end, saue who began the same!

But now, although thy worke be so perfected,
As that no prowder vaunting Muse can mend it,
And though the stately frame by him erected,
Lies still imperfect, while no hand dares end it.
Yet thine thus ended doth with his agree,
That thine, like his, shall neuer ended be.

Aliud.

WHile Fortune yet did *Wolseys* state vphold,
Liuing he fram'de himselfe a costly toombe:
To girt with marble crowne, the longing mould
Prowde of the treasure that it should enwombe.

Yet neuer did that monument inuest
The naked temples of his bare-head graue:
And death which him of life first dispossest,
Was dispossest of what it selfe should haue.

But wherefore did the heau'ns his ghost this wrong,
Thus of his dueſt honour to depriue him?
They knew his graue should not obscure him long,
There should a Muse, they had in *Store* reuiue him.
Toombes are for dead men; not for *Wolsey* then,
Whom thou hast made immortall with thy pen.

Charles Fitz-Geffrey.

Ex Wood
Ath. Ox
I. 606

WHen *Wolsey* died me seemes the sunne did set,
And that his glory with himselfe did waine;
But since his death another did beget,
Which lendes him helpe, his life to reobtaine,
One sunne did set, but two do rise againe:
Cease you that wont admire the starres alone,
Your eies haue now enough to gaze vpon.

Shine *Wolsey*; cause the world to wonder stil,
And thou true sunne of great *Apollo* shine,
The world with thy conceited volumes fill,
Smoothe *Tasso*, and the famous *Florentine*,
Their garlands now to thee do both resigne,
Laura that greene hath flourish'd all this while,
Lies blasted now at the thunder of thy stile.

* *Petrarcke*

Thomas Michelborne.

¶ To the Author, of the life and death of T. W. Cardinall.

THus long a ſlaue to Silence haſt thou ſeru'de,
Breake out (O Muſe) into thy firſt aſſayes.
Was therefore this mine infant verſe reſeru'de,
In fatall darkneſſe to record thy prayſe,
O Witte diuine, that haſt ſo well deſeru'de
The fruitfull garland of eternal Bayes?
Then let thy Fame erect my drooping eies,
And by thy praiſe begin my ſelfe to riſe.

Let me while Eagle-wiſe thou mountes on height,
Be as thy ſhade with lowly cariage,
And whiles aboue thou ſpread'ſt with piercing flight
Prowde *Wolſeys* life; let me in humble rage
Condemne the world below, that wanting light,
See'th brightſome candles burne vpon her ſtage,
Till vitall humor faileth to ſuſtaine them,
Yet (Niggard!) giues no matter to maintaine them.

There was a time, when Laureats in their cell,
Diuinely rauiſht, wrate thoſe tragicke playes,
That after ſhould in loftie *Buskin* ſwell;
Whiles they with huge applauſe, and frolike bayes,
(Their learn'de ambitious browes beſeeming well)
Sate prowdly tickled with the peoples prayſe:
And from th'indulgent *Conſuls* wondring hand,
Extort a rich reward, and Laurell band.

It was the worldes firſt youth that ware the *Socke*,
And wanton *Myrtill* enſigne of her ſport,
That had the force to moue a ſenceleſſe blocke
To gentle laughter, and by force extort
Sweete teares of myrth, euen from the ſtubborne looke,
Of men obdurate and vnfeeling ſort:
So ſharpe and piercing were thoſe wittes of olde:
" No whetſtone giue's a better edge than Golde.

Virgil that with his two-fold oaten reede,
Then with his thrise-admired Cornet sings,
Had great *Augustus* patron of his deede,
And sweete *Mecœnas* sprung from grandsire Kings,
Whiles he their names from death, they him from neede,
With mutuall freedome one another brings:
" Where Vertue doth for Learning honor frame,
" There thankful Learning addes to Vertue fame.

Our age, an aged world, euen doating olde,
That like a miser with a cureless gowte,
Hugges on those heapes that neuer may be tolde:
So mong that greedie and promiscuous rowte,
Ere one *Mecœnas* spread the salue of golde,
Our bleare-eyde *Horace's* may looke them out:
A speech long saide, but not perform'd before,
That *Homer* and the Muses stand at doore.

Great patrons giue vs leaue their brasse to guilde,
And from deserued graue dead names to rayse,
Crowning *Minerua* for her speare and shielde
With golden wreathe, her booke with only bayes,
Because they thinke that fitter for the fielde,
And men of learning well repaide with praise:
They giue the spurre of praise, but adde the raine
And curbe of want, to checke them backe againe.

And so with spurre of praise are Poets paide,
Their muse, their labour and industrious art,
That rightly spur-galled they may be sayde.
But if in equall ballance of desart,
Gentle vngentle, men with men were wayde,
Not poizing men by birth, but by their partes:
Their vertues of their minde, their witte and wordes,
Kings were but Poets, Poets more then Lordes.

And

And thou ſweete *Storer* that in golden twine,
Haſt liuely portraide out our *Cardinal*,
Shewing the courſe of prouidence diuine,
That lets high mounters catch the greater fall;
Worthie was he to change for that of thine,
And thou for thy deſert his prieſtly pal:
Thou his, for well employing of thy Muſe,
He thine, for his great fortunes great abuſe.

As if a ſecond *Nemroth* came to reare
Prowde *Babel* towers, that in their ruines lie,
His buildings taught (as his ambition) were,
To haue none end nor meaſure till the skie:
Had *Wolſey* layde his firſt foundation there,
And made his turrets ſpire to God on high,
His name, himſelfe, his vertuous deedes and all,
Had not beene ſubiect to their hideous fall.

O ſee how widdow-like (poore ſoule!) ſhe ſtandes,
That college he began with curious frame,
So left, (though not without demaine and landes)
As buſh or enſigne of her builders ſhame;
Which though he rearde, with his ambitious handes,
I dare not call him Founder of the ſame:
How can he be of *Chriſtchurch* Founder deemde,
That of *Chriſts church* no member is eſteemde?

And yet as though to recompence the fall
And want of walles, that neuer were erect,
See how the greateſt Architect of al
Rebuildes the ſame, and in a deare reſpect,
Hath plac't a reuerend ſteward, that doth call,
The painfull builders, and their worke direct:
By whom true labors haue their due regard,
And well-deſeruing letters findes reward.

And ſo the ruines that our houſe before,
So deeply blemiſht with defect of ſtones,
Now farre more glorious, farre triumphant more,
Is made by ſweete ſupply of learned ones,
That daily takes increaſe by daily ſtore
And carefull nourſing of her toward ſonnes,
So flouriſh ſtill, and ſtill encreaſe thy fame,
And make thy ſelfe by deede, thy ſelfe by name.

Among the *Series* of this learned traine,
O *Storer* liue, and grace them with thy witte:
Redeeme thy name, nor enuiouſly containe
Thy thoughts, that with applauſe thou maiſt committe
Vnto the preſſe; ſo thine admired vaine,
Shall keepe thee from thy graue and darkſome pitte:
When (as thy *Wolſey*) volumes thou ſhalt frame,
That ſhall (thou dead) immortalize thy name.

May therefore this be propagated well,
Then bleſſe poſterity, and ſow the ſeede,
And vſe thy ſweeter Muſe, that then ſhall ſmel
Ful like a Roſe, in midſt of many a weede,
And ſound abroad thy praiſes as a bell,
Vnto thoſe poſterne ages, that ſhall neede
Another *Storer*, in their wanting times,
To tell the worth of theſe thy piercing rimes.

Iohannes Sprint aedis Chriſti.

Wolseius aspirans.

BEtweene two *Muses* in the deepe of night,
There sate a reuerend Father full of woe,
They gaz'd on him, and from that dismall sight,
A kind remorse was willing them to go,
But cruell Fortune would not haue it so:
Fortune that erst his pride had ouerthrowne,
Would haue her power by his misfortune knowne.

Where fruitfull *Thames* salutes the learned shoare,
Was this graue Prelate and the Muses placed;
And by those waues he builded had before,
A royall house with learned Muses graced,
But by his death vnperfect and defaced,
O blessed walls, and broken towers (quoth he)
That neuer rose to fall againe with me.

To thee first sister of the learned nine,
Historians goddesse, Patronesse of Fame,
Entombing worthies in a liuing shrine,
Celestiall *Clio*, *Cleo* peereless dame,
My stories truth, and triumph I will frame:
My stories simple truth, if ought remaine,
Enrich my legend with thy sacred vaine.

Wolseius aspirans.

The sad discourse of my vntimely fall
(O tragique Muse) shall pierce thy sullen eares
Melpomene, though nothing can apall
Thy heart obdurate in contempt of feares,
My my laments shall make thee write in teares,
If mong thy scrolles of antique maiestie,
Thou deigne to place a Prelates tragedie.

Perchance the tenor of thy mourning verse
May leade some pilgrim to my toomblesse graue,
Where neither marble monument nor hearse
The passengers attentiue view may craue,
Which honors now the meanest persons haue:
But well is me where e're my ashes lie,
If one teare drop from some religious eie.

Yet when by meanes of Princes gracious doome
I rulde the Church, where aged *Wainflet* lay,
Zealous I was vnto my Founders toombe;
My thankfull loue did faithfull tribute pay
To him now dead, whose liuing was my stay:
His ancient reliques were as deere to me,
As Princes lookes, or parents loue might be.

Thrice sweete remembrance of that holy man,
Reuerend erector of those stately tow'res,
That worthy College where my youth beganne,
In humane Artes to spend the watchfull houres;
That fruitful noursery, where heau'nly show'res
To me poore country-plant such grace did yeelde,
As soone I prooued the faireſt of the field.

As

Wolseius aspirans.

As rightly cal'd, as royally compriz'd,
For that repentant womans name it beares, Magdalen
Who meekely for our Sauiours feete deuis'de
A double bath of ointment and of teares
Wherewith she washt; then wip't them with her hayres::
With precious sauour heere for aye endures
And tempred spirits with holy breath repures.

Still flourish O our *Athens* second praise,
Full of religion, and of pregnant wits,
That to high place of dignity dost raise,
So many a sweete diuine that mitred sits,
In sacred see as men of God befits:
" For Arts best nurse is Honors chaste desire,
" And Glory sets all studious hearts on fire.

This greedy flame together with my youth,
(Two neuer fit companions for aduice,)
No'r teaching right from wrong; deceit from truth,
Nor shewes from substance, toyes from things of price,
Layd downe my heart a liuing sacrifice
On Honors altar where it burned bright,
Like *Vestaes* fire with an eternall light.

This siluer tongue (me thought) was neuer made,
With rhetoricke skill to teach each common swaine,
These deepe conceits were neuer taught to wade,
In shallow brookes, no'r this aspiring vaine,
Fit to conuerse among the shepheards traine:
I could not girt me like a worthlesse groome,
In courser garment wouen of country loome.

Iust

Wolseius aspirans.

Iust cause I saw my titles to aduance,
Vertue my gentry, Priesthood my discent,
Saints my allies, the Crosse my cognisance,
Angells my guard, that watcht about my tent,
Wisedome that vsher'd me where ere I went:
These are our honors, though the world withstand,
Our lands and wealth are in another land.

Yet as through *Tagus* faire transparent streames,
The wandring Marchant sees the sandy gold,
Or like as *Cynthia'es* halfe obscured beames,
In silent night the *Pilot* doth behold
Through misty clowdes and vapors manifold:
So through a mirror of my hop'te for gaine,
I saw the treasure which I should obtaine.

Then did I my poore country charge resigne,
Where I had liu'd disgrac'd and discontent,
Wrong'd by a Knight, for no desert of mine,
But when he deem'd my torch of malice spent,
I made my cleargy-scorning Knight repent:
For Nature fram'd my memory quicke and strong,
But most intentiue to reuenge a wrong.

Forth as I went, when my desires were ti'de,
I was perplext with thousand sundry minds,
The swelling *Ocean* in a stormy tide,
Was ne're so tosst with selfe resisting winds,
As now my heart it selfe tormented finds:
Nought left but *Hope*, to ease my troubled soule,
And euen that *Hope Despaire* did thus controule.

Wolseius aspirans.

Wolsey, are these the hopes of thy desarts?
Are these the fruites of wit? is this to know?
O vaine Philosophie, and bootlesse artes,
Such seedes of learned ignorance to sow,
Where Skilles disgrace, and Wisedomes folly grow?
Grow where you list, in me your rootes vnknit,
A setled braine is worth a world of wit.

In Court who euer heard my name before?
Or hearing it, none knowes it I am sure:
Suppose they do; who cares for me the more?
Or graunt they did; how long will that indure?
Admit it should; what good may care procure?
O rather on that homely seate rely,
Where knowne and car'de for, thou maist liue and die.

Seek'st thou for fame? hee's best that least is knowne,
Or Princes fauours? that's no common grant:
Seru'st thou for wealth? a Courtier knowes his owne:
Or for degree? preferment waxeth scant:
Want'st thou to liue? no hell to Courtiers want:
O rather yet embrace thy priuate lot
With honest fame and riches purely got.

Each perfect sense must things repugnant do,
Thy eyes must watch, but neuer seeme to see;
Thy tongue must braue, but learne to flatter too;
Thy eares must heare, yet deafe and careless be;
Affection fast and loose, thoughts bond and free:
Vaine, yet precise; chaste, but to maidens kinde;
A Saint in sight, a *Machiuel* in minde.

Thy present calmes these stormy waues surpasse,
As pearles indeede the things which precious seeme,
Thy glebe brings corne, thy pasture plenteous grasse,
For thee thy toiling oxen ioyne in teeme,
And after with their death thy life redeeme.
Thy sheepe (a pleasant flocke) their fleeces vaile,
And from their dugges yeeld nectar to thy paile.

At home what duty neighbors yeeld to thee,
Creeping to others now thou must resigne,
Attend their diet, euer waiting be,
When with lesse plentie in a shadie vine,
But greater pleasure thou wer't wont to dine:
Nature hath powr'd enough in each mans lappe,
Could each man learne to vse his priuate happe.

But say all wealth and honor me betide,
And I were borne the onely man to rise,
My Kings deare fauorite, and countries guide,
Th'autentique obiect of all wondring eies,
Experience holdes the *Tragique Poët* wise:
That rather chose mong Corsicke rockes to dwell,
Then in the pompe of *Cæsars* court excell.

Thus reason sought to stale ambitions hould,
Wise *Empyricke* with twentie truths attended,
But his enchaunted force, all force controulde,
With priuiledge and charter long defended,
Gainst all inuasions till that world were ended:
Whereon presuming he did thus reprooue
All doubts, and from his seate all feares remooue.

Vnthankfull

Vnthankfull man to heau'n and heau'ns creatour,
To men and Angells enuious and vnkinde,
Burying Gods Image, quintessence of Nature,
Vertues perfection, excellence of minde,
In barbarous woodes, and desart fields inshrinde:
Where ~~When~~ men like trees to sweetest voice ne're hearke,
Nor ~~Where~~ words of life can pierce their sauage barke.

Long time the princely shepheard did remaine,
Striking his harpe in fruitfull *Palestine*,
But as the sheepe, so euery shepheard swaine,
Knew not the vertue of his touch diuine,
Till once the Prince his fancie did incline
To heare him play; then home this child they bring,
With charming notes to ease the troubled King.

The Princes court is mansion of the wise,
Figure of heau'n, faire fountaine of delights,
Theatre of honor, earthly Paradise,
Sodaine aduauncer, Sphere of purest lights,
The liuely *Vatican* of beauties brights:
Thither let *Phœbus* progeny resort,
Where shines their father but in *Ioues* great court?

Let neuer man indued with sundry graces,
So sell himselfe for tithes and trifling gaine;
Nor that rich infinite spirit that embraces,
This vniuerse in compasse of a braine,
So prostitute her deity, nor restraine
In narrow limits of a base content,
Of learned thoughts the boundlesse continent.

But since our fairer meanes seeme to inuite vs,
By *Iacobs* ladder to ascend on high,
Whose euery round with pleasure may delight vs,
Why cease we all our studies to apply
To gaine this tipe? And wherefore linger I?
With whose hart-strings *Amphions* Lute is strung,
And *Orpheus* Harp hangs warbling at my tongue.

Now was I drawne in chariot of Desire,
While *Typhis*-like Ambition led the way;
Arriu'd at Court, I needed not enquire
What Lord about the King bore greatest sway;
Their troupes of followers, riches of aray,
Numbers of suters almost numberlesse,
Taught me to know, or somewhat more then ghesse.

To please their vaine, and be my selfe admirde,
I cast my learning in a Courtiers mold;
My schollership and carriage both conspirde
T'appeach their wrong, that most iniurious hold
Such men vnfit, to haue their names enrold
In place of note, or handle things of weight,
That spend their time in contemplations height.

Frame to your selues imaginary courts,
(O piercing spirites inflam'de with heau'nly fire)
Kings Mathematicke, counterfeit resorts,
Portraites of iustice, shadows of desire,
Such aery castles as conceipts inspire,
Such commonwealths as *Plato* did vphold,
Administring booke-iustice vncontrold.

Such heau'ns, such planets, and such whirling spheres,
The *Syracusan* wisard did inuent,
Wherein the curious workmanship appeares
Of their first mouer, and did represent,
The wondrous fabricke of the firmament:
If heau'ns and common wealths may be so showne,
The courts estate much easier may be knowne.

These fancies I had framed long before,
Deeming my selfe my fortunes architect;
Now care sollicited me ten times more,
To bring those meditations to effect,
And so my wary counsell to direct,
As might content the pillar of my state,
That next in counsell to his soueraigne sate.

A man made old to teach the worth of age,
Patriarke-like, and graue in all designes,
One that had finish't a long pilgrimage,
Sparing in diet, abstinent from wines,
His sinews small as threeds, or slender lines:
Lord of the citty, where with solemne rites,
The old Prince *Arthur* feasted with his Knights.

He saw my gifts were such as might deserue,
He knew his life was drawing to an end,
He thought no meanes so likely to preserue
His fame, with time and enuy to contend,
As to aduance some faithful seruing friend,
That liuing might in time to come record,
Th'immortall praise of his deceased Lord.

He brought me first in presence of the King,
Who then allotted me his Chaplains place;
My eloquence did such contentment bring
Vnto his eares that neuer Prince did grace
Poore Chaplaine more, nor lowly priest embrace
" Dread soueraigne so. For Nature teacheth euer,
" Who loues preferment, needes must loue the giuer.

Next who but I was sent Embassadour,
With *Europes* greatest Monarch to intreate,
Cæsar of *Almaine* Germans Emperour,
In *Belgia* keeping his imperiall seat,
To handle matters of importance great:
My hap was such the King could hardly ghesse,
Which pleasde him more, my speede, or good successe.

The *Argonauticke* vessell neuer past,
With swifter course along the *Colchan* maine,
Then my small barke with faire and speedy blast
Conuayd me forth, and reconuayd againe;
Thrice had *Arcturus* driu'n his restlesse waine,
And heau'ns bright lampe, the day had thrice reuiu'd,
From last departure, till I first arriu'd.

The King not deeming I had yet beene gone,
Was angry for my long surmiz'd delay;
I tolde his Maiestie that all was done,
And more than all, and did his pardon pray
That I beyond commission went astray;
And could haue wisht for euer to be chid
With answer to content as then I did.

Wolseius aspirans.

T'is not huge heapes of figuratiue deuises,
Nor luxurie of metaphors or phrases,
Nor fineneſſe of connexion that intices
Court-learned eares, and all the world amazes,
But depth with pleaſure crauing all the graces
Of art and nature, curiouſly precize,
Serenely modeſt, excellently wiſe.

It is not learning; for the Courtiers know it,
Nor folly; but for Councellors moſt fit,
Nor graue demeanour; for we muſt beſtow it
On Ladies toyes; nor quinteſſence of wit,
For that is moſt vnſtaide, nor doth it ſit
With Courtiers maieſtie to be reputed,
Too learn'd, too graue, too fine, or too conceited.

A skill tranſcendent ouer euery art,
Yet ſubiect or eſſentiall vnto none,
Vnperfect too, yet hauing euery part,
And thus though ſtrange, vnperfect, and but one,
Yet all admire and reuerence it alone:
Vnknowne and vndefin'de ſaue in diſcerning,
By practiſe to be got, but not by learning.

Men pointed out by Fortune for good happe,
Haue from their infancy this gift inſpir'd,
Promotions fall, as plenteous in their lappe,
As words out of their mouths, thus I acquir'd,
The deanerie of *Lincolne* vndeſir'd:
And then the Almnerſhip, and euery hower,
Some droppes diſtilling of a golden ſhower.

As

As in a burning glasse or little sphere,
Dispearsed sun-beames oft vnited are,
And in one point beames infinite appeare,
Innumerable rayes disiected farre,
From th'oblique circle of that glorious starre:
So like that instrument I now begun,
T'unite the fauours of our earthly sun.

New friends vnknowne, great presents vndeseru'd,
Olde sutors came, held backe with long delay,
And al like poppets when their time was seru'd,
Gaue place to other, and so likewise they,
Ending their parts, let other actors play:
No way in all the court so duly tread,
As was the path which to my lodging led.

Transplanted thus into a fertile spring,
And watred from aboue with heau'nly dew,
Enlightned with the presence of my King,
My branches waxed large and faire of hew,
And all about fresh buddes of honor grew:
Garlands of Lordships, blossomes of degree,
White roddes of office, keyes of knightly fee.

Looke how the *God of Wisedome* marbled stands,
Bestowing *Laurel* wreathes of dignitie.
In *Delphos* Ile, at whose vnpartiall hands,
Hang antique scrolles of gentle *Heraldrie*,
And at his feete ensignes and trophies lie:
Such was my state whom euery man did follow,
As liuing statue of the great *Apollo*.

But see, euen when my ioyes did most abound,
My crowned pillar most vntimely fell,
And I about his shaft like Iuie wound,
That did in pride, as he in height excell,
Was left behind to heare his heauy knell:
And sing a *Requiem* to his soule deceast,
For I, poore I, lost more then all the rest.

O hidden doome, of that eternall spirit,
That sentence giues, the righteous man shall die:
Iniurious death that lets rude soules inherit
Long leases of their liues, and dost enuy
That Princes liue, on whom all states rely.
And cruell fate that such confusion brings,
To common wealths by *Ostracisme* of Kings.

He died, and in memoriall of his name,
Built that faire chappell, where he now takes rest;
A rich foundation of a curious frame,
The fairest monument left vnsuppresst,
Passing all temples of the gorgeous East:
O strew his hearse with roses red and white,
For he both stemmes did in one bed vnite.

True branch of both, thy father is not dead,
For in thy looke I reade his vertuous raigne,
His crowne is set on thy victorious head,
Dead to himselfe, he liues in thee againe,
His wisedome seated in thy princely braine:
O were not *Times* old wings so farre outworne,
But he new crownde, and thou as newly borne!

But both are gone, and we too soone bereft,
To better kingdomes both translated are;
This testimony to the world is left,
He was the Prince of peace, thou God of warre,
He was a fixed, thou a wandring starre:
Seu'n is a number fatall from the heau'ns,
But eight King *Henrie* passing all the seu'ns.

He came of noble, thou of Kingly race,
He brought to win, thou borne to weare a crowne;
He got great wealth, thou honor didst embrace;
He kept his owne, thou conquerst many a towne,
He houses built, thou batterdst cities downe:
O worthies both, and vnsufficient me,
To mourne for him, or speake enough of thee.

Then for my selfe whom wisedome neuer taught,
To seeke for gold in coffins of the dead,
My deepe contriuing pollicie so wrought,
That in his youthly raigne my dearest dread,
Me to his sacred counsell did aread:
Where all estates in open court did find,
The liuely vigor resting in my mind.

When I did muse, my spirit did wholy beare,
His full perfection to enrich my thought;
What time I spake, my life was wholy there,
And to my speech all grace and beautie brought:
What praise soeuer any member sought,
That God (whom we call soule) sprung from our heart.
Was all in all, and all in euery part.

What matters past in priuate conference,
Or publique counsell for the common good,
I still enform'd his sacred excellence,
Framing my sentence to his princely moode,
His word, my deede, his will, my warrant stoode:
Nor neede his grace one iot of pleasure spare,
His royall graunt, in person to declare.

Enough said I your highnesse doth in this,
To make vs lawes that in subiection dwell,
Let Magistrates correct what is amisse;
Such nobles as in wisedome most excell,
Aduance to place where they may gouerne well:
And as you do your kingdomes glory prize,
Of all your land, select the learned wise.

For if the temperature of common weale,
Be guided by the course of heau'nly pow'res,
Such as in deepe affaires will iustly deale,
Must haue an eie to those æternall bow'res,
And by their view direct this state of ours:
Else how can he a perfect states-man prooue,
That knowes not how cœlestiall bodies mooue?

How can he marke religions stedfast pole,
How many long degrees we distant are?
How lawes of iustice compasse in the whole
Like orbe of fixed lights, or note from farre,
A fained meteor from a fixed starre:
How darke eclipsed truth is neuer seene,
When worlds corrupting treasure comes betweene.

Wolseius aspirans.

When wise Magitians wandred farre and wide,
To find the place of our *Messias* birth,
A starre by east, became their faithfull guide,
Angells proclaming notes of ioyfull mirth,
Glorie to God on high, and peace on earth:
While here I pawsde, the King with smiling cheare,
Bade me proceede, for he was bent to heare.

Dread soueraigne, I intend not to detract
From noble families their ancient rights;
Ill fares the shippe whose loftie toppes be wrackt,
Whole Empires fall where such confusion lights,
Long life and honor to *S. Georges* Knights:
"Yet this I reade, that realme shall fairest rife,
"Where wise men rule, or Rulers can be wise.

Put such in trust your grace may rest secure,
And sway the scepter with immortall praise,
Whether you please your royall selfe immure,
In cittie walls triumphing sundry waies,
Or els in progresse spend the sommer daies:
What hath the ayre, the sea, the land, and all,
That is not yours, or subiect at your call?

Scholler (said he) thou know'st my kingdomes state,
And canst with pleasure painfull trauells brooke,
Ile prize thy seruice at the highest rate,
Performing that which thou hast vndertooke,
For Lordly rents, Ile change thy Easter booke:
Good priest whose sonne so ere thou art by kind,
Wolsey of *Ipswich* ne're begat thy mind.

Soone after this the King with mighty hoast,
In person meant to enter warlike *France*,
To challenge what his auncetors had lost,
On *Turney* gates his standard to aduance,
And in their courts, to make our courtiers daunce:
Which vnacquainted labor to supply,
He thought no subiect was so fit as I.

He might as well appoint some artlesse swaine,
In *Pytheas* place to build *Mausolus* toombe,
To reare th'Aegyptian Pyramid's againe,
Restore the ruines of declining *Rome*,
Or put some shepheardesse to *Arachnes* loome:
As me a student and a yong diuine,
To furnish out a campe, no charge of mine.

But now the sweetnesse of promotions taste,
Delightsome prospect to the tower of fame,
Such skill in my vnmartiall wittes had placde,
As would not onely iust proportion frame,
Of men, and fit munition for the same:
But bring from rockes where flintie sinewes stoode,
Whole stony legions of *Deucalions* broode.

Imagine *Turney* vanquisht by the King,
With *Turwins* walls and all the confin de land:
Ill windes they are that good to no man bring,
Worse warres that suffer not the churches stand,
My wind blew faire, the church fell in my hand,
That was elect and consecrated soone,
Bishop of *Turney* when the warres were doone.

A ſweete preferment, for it was my firſt;
A ſtraunge aduancement in another Realme;
A pleaſant draft to quench ambitions thirſt;
A ioyfull note to wake me from my dreame;
A fruitfull ſpring, to ſend ſo faire a ſtreame:
What man but me could fortune thus aduance,
In peace, in warre, in England, and in France?

My ſolemne conſecration beeing ended,
And holy miter placed on my head,
With falling miſts the darkſome night extended
Hir ſable wings, and gently ouerſpread
Heau'ns gloomy vaile, whence *Phœbus* lamp was fled:
Dead time of reſt to euery mortall wight,
No muſicke to the ſilence of the night.

To cheerfull minds that bringeth wanton ſleepe,
With many a *Phantaſme* and deluding toy,
And penſiue heart it doth detaine and keepe,
From tedious company that would annoy;
Dull *Saturniſts* that haue abiur'd all ioy:
To me whoſe day was all in pleaſure ſpent,
This wondrous viſion it did repreſent.

From that rich valley where the Angels laid him,
His vnknowne ſepulchre in *Moabs* land;
Moſes that *Iſrael* led and they obaid him,
In glorious view before my face did ſtand,
Bearing the folded tables in his hand:
Wherein the doome of life, and deaths deſpaire,
By Gods owne finger was ingrauen faire.

He passing forth, a ioyfull troope ensued,
Of worthy iudges and triumphant Kings,
Victorious *Iosuah* that in armes subdued,
Prophane vsurpers of their hallowed things,
And smote their leaders, breaking al their wings:
With him as ioyning hearts with meeke consent,
Princes of *Israel* and of *Iuda* went.

Next whom with solemne note of trumpets sound,
The tabernacle of the Lord was brought,
About it holy Priests assembled round,
With sacred Ephods, girdles richly wrought,
Such garments as the Lord had *Aaron* taught,
With warbling harpe, and crownet on his head,
The ghost of *Dauid* loftie measures lead.

To these in order all the Prophets came,
Mysterious prophets, cloth'd in poore array,
Pronouncing oft *Iehouah's* dreadfull name,
Crying to *Syon*, Learne, O learne the way,
Your desolation hasteneth euery day:
These were refusde, for none regarded them
In all the daughters of *Ierusalem*.

The next in ranke were holy Martyres bleeding,
Whose euery wound in perfect glory shines:
Then they which wrote our Sauiours iust proceeding,
His life and death in euerlasting lines:
And last of all, the best of all diuines,
To whome deepe mysteries of things conceal'd,
At *Pathmos* Ile in vision were reueal'd.

Now from th' Aethereall pallace of her rest,
In perfect semblance they appear'd to me:
But O my soule how are thy pow'res oppresst,
That sleeping saw'st, and waking canst not see?
O God! if so thy gracious pleasure be,
Such beauty be reueal'd to mortall men,
Direct, O soone direct my wandring pen.

In chariot framed of celestiall mould,
And simple pureneſſe of the pureſt skie,
A more then heau'nly Nymph I did beholde,
Who glauncing on me with her gracious eie,
So gaue me leaue her beautie to espie:
For sure no sence such sight can comprehend,
Except her beames their faire reflection lend.

Her beauty with Eternitie began,
And onely vnto God was euer seene,
When *Eden* was possest with sinfull man,
She came to him, and gladly would haue beene,
The long succeeding worlds eternall Queene:
But they refused her (O hainous deed!)
And from that garden banish't was their seede.

Since when, at sundry times and sundry waies,
Atheisme and blinded ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning raies,
And quench that zeale of heart-inflaming fire,
As makes our soules to heau'nly things aspire:
But al in vaine, for mauger all their might,
Shee neuer lost one sparkle of her light.

Pearles may be foild, and gold be turn'd to drosse,
The sun obscur'd, the moone be turn'd to bloud,
The world may sorrow for *Astræas* losse,
The heau'ns be darkned like a dusky wood,
Waste desarts lie where watry fountaines stood:
But faire *Theologie* (for so she hight,)
Shall neuer loose one sparkle of her light.

Such one she was as in his Hebrew song,
The wisest King for fairest creature prooues,
Embracing her the Cedar trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to doues,
Preferring her before all other loues:
Such one she was, and euery whit as faire,
Beside these two, was neuer such a paire.

Her handmaides in *Amazon*-like attire,
Went chaste and modest like *Dianaes* traine,
One, by her gazing lookes seem'd to aspire
Beyond the moone, and in a high disdaine,
To deeme the world, and wordly treasures vaine:
She hight *Astrology*, on whose bright lawne,
Spheres, Astrolabes, and skilfull globes are drawne.

The next faire, smiling with a pleasing cheere,
Had pow're to rauish and enchant mens eares,
High *Rhetoricke* whose shadowed vaile showne cleere,
With siluer tongues, and ouer it she weares
A wimpled scarfe bedew'd with hearers teares:
Whose captiue hearts she should detaine long while,
With pleasance of her vnaffected stile.

The third a quicke-eyd dame, of piercing sight,
That reasons worth in equall ballance way'd;
The truth she lou'd aboue all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her loue, but what she saide;
Was certaine true, and she a perfect maide:
Her garment short tuckt vp, to worke prepar'd,
And she cald *Logicke* without welt or gard.

Next these, whose outward lookes I knew aright,
And had some portion of their endlesse treasure;
Faire *Algebra* with figures richly dight;
Sweete *Musicke* foundresse of delightsome pleasure;
Earth-scanning *Nimph*, directresse of all measure:
These humbly did her soueraigne highnesse greete,
And meekely laid their garlands at her feete.

From euery one she pluckt a speciall flower,
And laid each flower vpon a seuerall part;
Then from her owne a stemme of wondrous power,
Whose leaues were beames, whose stalke a fiery dart,
And that she laid vpon my trembling hart:
Those were the buds of art, this plant of blisse,
This gaue them life, they yeelded grace to this.

Opening the closure of her speech diuine,
My sweetly-rauisht sence she thus bespake,
Now Prelate art thou plac'de in Gods deare vine,
To heau'nly thoughts thy studies whole betake:
And when thou shalt from drowsie sleepe awake,
Thanke these my handmaides that haue thought thee fit,
To whom the charge of soules I might commit.

To thee the charge of soules I here commit,
Of sheepe and shepheards both take ouersight:
If thou for gaine the greater charge omit,
Or loose one title of the churches right,
Or lesse esteeme Gods word then Kingly might;
Mingling religious booke with honors mace,
Leauing Gods fauor for the princes grace:

If thou by false pretence procure this wrong,
(What may not learn'd iniquity procure?)
Thy name shall die the vulgar sott among,
Proscript and abiect from those fathers pure,
Whose memory for euer shall endure:
Obliuion and disgrace vpon thy graue,
Shall write their triumph, and thy name depraue.

This said, her Martyrs drew her chariot on,
Through vnknowne passage of the blasting ayre,
And now to *Abrahams* bosome is she gone,
Commanding all her *Nimphs* and handmaids faire,
To these sweete waues, and pleasant bankes repaire:
And I, though full of care, and vext in mind,
Tooke shippe for England with a prosperous wind.

Welcome my Lord of *Turney* said the King,
Two Dukes with two as scornfull lookes past by,
A yong French Bishop seem'd so base a thing
To such great noble things that looke so high,
As made me wonder at diuinitie:
That she the neareſt to the King of Kings,
Should be debaſde by any thing of things.

Say I were yong, my liuely spirits were fit,
To grow in wisedomes euer-blowing spring,
Or say ambitious, that's a marke of wit,
To beare our thoughts aloft on eagles wings,
And wit to youth especiall grace doth bring:
I hate such lingring wisedome as appeares,
In hoary cognisance of ancient yeares.

Say all the world th'aboundance of their mind,
And speake of *Wolsey* all the wrong they can,
I say the world is enuious and vnkind,
The multitude e're since the world began,
Was ready to reprooue the iustest man,
Who rightly climes the top of endlesse praise,
Regards not what the wise discourser saies.

Obiect they *Turney*, I deuisde a way
To compasse *Lincolne* or some other see,
Admire they this, I found a blisfull day,
In primacy of *Yorke* enstall'd to be,
Such happy fortune still betided me,
That when they enuied at my meane estate,
I got some greater to confound their hate.

Each sence may common obiects comprehend,
Things excellent the sensitiue confound,
The eie with light and colours may contend,
The eare endure the note of common sound,
Both faile when glorious beames lowd strokes abounds
So enuy that at meanest things beare spite,
Stands mute at view of vnexpected height.

The peeres that hated me were now content,
With me their former friendſhip to renew,
Who ſought by me to purchaſe gouernment,
And learne of me that thus in greatneſſe grew.
O But the Italian *Florentine* ſaid true:
The man that furthereth other men to thriue,
Of priuate greatneſſe doth himſelfe depriue.

Failing to hit the marke whereat I aime,
They take the leaſt repulſe in deepe diſgrace,
And neuer ceaſt with fury to exclaime
Againſt my name, and odiouſly debaſe,
My birth, my parents, and vngentle race:
Vnnobly done, which though I not reſpect,
Yet vnto them, themſelues I might obiect.

Where are the gifts whoſe enſignes ye pretend,
O dull inheritors of others praiſe?
The vertues that your lordly armes commend,
And crownd your ancients with immortall bayes?
Amiſſe faire Fortitude her coate diſplaies:
Where ſuch as neuer durſt maintaine the field,
May beare a lion armed in their ſhield.

Thou four-fold goddeſſe, that haſt ſtem'd thy crowne,
With wiſedome, valor, temperance, and right,
Place by thy ſides thoſe *Heroes* of renowne,
That temperate iuſtice with diſcretions might;
Let *Herauldry* prouide in honors ſight,
That ſuch as are with fathers goods poſſeſt,
Retaine their vertues, or reſigne their creſt.

Fine schollers borne of *Pallas* heau'nly braine,
As she of *Ioues*, haue purchasde this decree,
From meaner Princes in their seuerall raignes,
Dukes, Vidams, Barons, such as braueſt be,
To muse of things that nobles do not see:
When their reward, though they be well regarded,
May be to be well thought of, scarce rewarded.

Which made me, when I once had found the spring,
Draw from the Fountaine where the proudeſt drew,
Leauing the counsell, seeke vnto the King,
And when my purpose was indeede to sue,
To sue to him, because I euer knew,
Suing to Courtiers with our beſt complaints,
Like superstitious praying vnto Saints.

Wolſeius triumphans.

Clio, are all thy ſiſters ſcholler-like?
No court-like *Muſe* for polliticke deſignes?
And onely for *Apollo* doe they ſtrike
Their inſtruments to what he moſt inclines?
Is this the reaſon that he euer ſhines?
No wõder if the world behõld him bright,
Such Virgins can giue oyle to any light.

Then ſhall no buſie burdner of the Preſſe,
Without a Muſe ſtand riming at my waies,
The more a Nouice ſeekes, he findes the leſſe,
And ſure the leſſe he findes, the leſſe he ſtraies,
No pollicie to ſilence now a daies:
Let him that ſhall my famous life deſcry,
Write of my Triumphs, let the meanes go by.

The glory of my Primacie affords
Diſcourſe enough (O *Time*) to ſpend thine howres,
Barren inuention ſhall ãbound with words,
As Autumne doth with fruits, the ſpring with flowres,
Summer with ſun-beames, winter time with ſhowres:
Poets in vaine their ſtratagems deuiſe,
Wittes want makes men deſirous to ſeeme wiſe.

But as a Saphyre hanging downe the breſt,
A farre more orient glittering doth make,
Than doth a Diamond of good requeſt
Set in a bracelet, and more glorie take,
Not for the vertue, but for the places ſake:
So did a clowdy Saphyre dimme my light,
Not with his worth, but with his places height.

Graue auncient *Warham* full of high deſart,
The Eaſterne Metropolitane of *Kent*,
A perfect Leuite of a loyall heart,
Fit for the temple whereto he was ſent,
In all religious orders excellent:
No fault, but that he would not ſoone reſigne
To me, and his large prouince change for mine.

Which fault, my Romiſh frends had ſoone eſpide,
Their care was feruent Catholike for me,
Who in their *Synode* did ſuch meanes prouide
For my aduancement to more high degree,
As *Canterburie* ſhould inferior be:
They choſe me Cardinall, but mine owne voice,
Had thought me worthy of an higher choice.

They choſe me Cardinall, and ſent a hat,
What choiſe? what hat? where was the triple crowne?
A *Monmouth* man can do as much as that:
O had his holineſſe bin in a ſowne,
Or ſurfeited, or tooke ſome potion downe!
S. *Peters* church, S. *Angells* famous towre,
The ſeuen hills citty had bin in my powre.

A second *Vatican*, a new *Auignion*,
Another *Laterane* I could inuent,
For reliques, pomp, and church diuision,
What had I car'd in glory to haue spent,
Mine owne, the churches, and the Kings owne rent?
Me thought, if Friends, and Fortune, had bin true,
I could haue built all *Italie* anew.

Wise Chaplaines that had walkt a quiet pace,
Good honest painfull Graduates in their kind,
Told me it was a step to higher place,
And such a step, as few could euer find,
A lofty step; and stepping tennes refind,
Step they that doubtfull feare to clime on hie,
What neede he step hath Wisdoms wings to flie?

Now missing *Clemens* crowne, I thought to take
King *Henries* Seale, high Chancelor of the land,
Which secular authoritie did make
Me able all their furies to withstand,
That in their wisedomes had seuerely scan'd:
A clergy man his calling much impaires,
To meddle with the pollitcke affaires.

Then *Moses* that had all *Ægyptians* skill,
Whose deepest learning flourisht in his daies,
And many priests of *Iuda* sinned still,
That not by iustice onely purchast praise,
But practiz'd vse of martiall assaies:
Some pleas are hard, and many things befall,
Which priuiledge or conscience must recall.

Diuine proceedings faile, not bei ng backt
With lawfull maintenance of ciuill sword;
Endeuours pollitieke take small effect,
That wants assistance from the heau'nly word;
Beside, some help must wealth and state afford:
For iudgement vttred by the mouth of want,
Is either partiall, or admitted scant.

Thus though my crosses, pillars, and my mace,
Honoured my person to the common view
Of such as measure men by outward grace;
Yet to my seuerall charges being due,
I might not to succession be vntrue:
Our state is not the Moones, that from her waine
Growes crescent presently, and new againe.

If once we fall, we fall *Colossus*-like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sunne,
They that betweene our stride their sailes did strike,
Making vs sea-markes where their shippe did runne,
Euen they that had by vs their treasure wonne;
Rise as we may by moderate degrees,
If once we stoope, thei'le bring vs on our knees.

I made my chappell pure deuotions seate,
Meete for the seruice of the heau'nly King,
The tongues of the most learned did intreate
Of his decrees, and skilful priests did sing,
And singing boyes vse their hearts trebling string:
Such ornaments are most beseeming vs,
In Gods behalfe, let noble Peeres do thus.

My

My houshold was not like the tent of Loue,
Full of faire damsels, like Venetian bowers,
Nor of such virgins, whom the spirit doth moue,
No place for sister-hood within my towers,
Yet euery day as many meales as howers:
Seruants and officers in euery roome,
And royall fare for strangers when they come.

Where is that open cawsey wont to leade
The hungry beggar to a sheafe of corne?
Who lets them gleane with *Ruth*, or giues them bread,
Who rather feedes not fooles, or men forsworne,
Or els for briefnesse sake leaues al forlorne?
See now the parlours of our highest states,
Are like to painted doores or posterne gates.

Proportion was surueior of my charge,
Adding to lofty buildings, gardens faire,
Iust with my gaines my houses to enlarge,
Mine vsuall walkes to pleasantnesse of ayre,
Of euery thing making an equall payre:
Planting faire arbors in my forrests wide,
And feasting chambers by the riuers side.

This louing streame that doth salute the shore,
In true affection to a schollers eie,
Euen from these banckes encreaseth more and more,
Waue tossing ouer waue most enuiously,
Till flowing tide forbid her passing by:
And make them stay, while passengers may see,
What was begun, and what was done by me.

Faire *Dambie* is praisde for being wide,
Nilus commended for the seu'n fold head,
Euphrates, for the swiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led;
The banckes of *Rhine* with vines are ouerspred:
Take *Loyre* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thamesis* for buildings rare.

My dreames were nothing but of *Memphis* still,
Of *Pyramids*, of statues caru'd in gold,
Hercules pillars, and *Olympus* hill,
My waking fancies too were euer sold,
Such toyes in gazing blindnesse to behold:
No strokes of Musickes found could strike away,
High thoughts by night, nor deepe conceits by day.

A prowd man may his owne musitian be,
His heads deuise makes pauines to his heart,
This heart with pleasure leapes, and daunces free
All but the measures, framing euery part,
Like Organs worthy of so sweete an art:
His thoughts plaies Marches to his vaulting mind,
And Memories Recorder sounds behinde.

Pride makes her *Rounds*, for she hath neuer end,
And *Sonnets*, for shee neuer leaues her noise,
She makes her *Dumpes*, if any thing offend,
And to her Idole-selfe with warbling voice,
Sings *Hymnes* and *Anthems* of especiall choice:
And yet Prides quier is put to silence cleane,
Wanting a base, a tenor, and a meane.

Farre from the church be these immusicall
Vntoward songs that wants so many parts,
And since that pure religion doth install
Learned professors, prelates of desarts,
Let them aspire and reare instructed harts,
Against the base bestowers of church liuings,
That vse their graunts in sellings, and not in giuings.

For such men are like curtaines at their best,
To make vs sleepe, or hinder vs from light,
Troublers of Nature, children of the west,
Haters of sence, adopted sonnes of night,
In whom the wise both sorrow and delight:
Yet were there not such vegetalls the while,
What had the wiser sort whereat to smile?

He meaneth Symoniacke and vnlearned ministers

O you that beare the courage of diuines,
Hate such mens patronage, ingage not Art,
For who beholds the spoiler of the vines,
And stands secure, or takes the spoilers part,
Shall in his conscience feele such deadly smart,
That when he seekes by scripture to be easde,
The more he reades, the more he is displeasde.

Renowned *Picus* of *Mirandula*
Hated the substance of a cleargy man
That was vnlettered, and made a lawe,
An ignorant which neuer had began
To seeke, or after seeking neuer skan
Some part of somewhat, that might wisedome bring,
Should be accounted but a liuing thing.

The

The noble *Tichobraghe* for whose deare sake,
All *Denmarke* is in admirations loue,
In deepe regard such difference doth make,
Betweene those men whose spirit soare aboue,
And those base essenses which only moue:
That in his Isles horizon he admittes,
No clowdy meteors of such foggy wittes.

On forraine princes I will neuer stand,
Sweete *Clio* pardon, if I do digresse,
The noble Earle, the learn'd *Northumberland*,
Fauours you *Muses*, and he doth addresse
His peereless cares, which you must needes expresse:
Write *Clio*, write, and that æternally,
In spite of *Muses* he shall neuer die:

For in his life his praise, and after death
Thankfull remembrance still remaines aliue,
So long as *Fame's* æternall trump hath breath,
And time drawes time, and these daies other driue,
Or hasty minutes in their swiftnesse striue:
While man can speake with man, and vertue praise,
So long continues his immortall ~~praise~~ *dayes.*

Princes are meere diuines, for they maintaine
The liuing Gospel of the liuely truth,
Doubly in them Gods Image doth remaine,
In high commanding where hir mercy shew'th
The future hopes of goodnesse that ensu'th,
And then in their creation: Thus two waies
Princes are bound the Prince of heau'n to praise.

Now

Now to be princely and to be diuine,
I added *Winchester* to all the rest,
With sundry others which I held by fine,
And being once installed in the best,
Vouchsafte with *Abbies* to be so possest:
I held this certaine sure, and neuer doubt,
Abbies, and *Bishoprickes* will not fall out.

I made them friends, and that they might continue,
I got church-liuings more then I will say,
Small liuings added to a great reuenue,
Ridds poore repoits, and common talkes away:
The *Chorus* of the people that can say,
The Parson careth not for our soules health,
Will hold their tongues at hearing of such wealth.

Thus full of riches and exceeding powre,
I added liuing vnto liuing still,
Scarce came a day, within whose euery howre
There were not yeelded offrings of free will,
To haue, or leaue, vntill I had my fill:
One starre is newly added shining faire,
Vnto the backe of *Cassopeias* chaire.

Betweene solemnitie and loftie state,
The sequele of my life I will diuide,
Whereby I purchaste honor ioyn'd with hate,
And enuie still did beare a mightie side,
Who rises by his wisedome is enui'de:
Let them enuie; but when their lordships fell,
I must haue notice where their Wardes must dwell.

I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
Tithe-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land;
The greatest of the Realme were highly glad,
When with great charge, and sute vnder my hand,
They left the first fruites of their neerest band:
Fortune is Lady of the nobly borne,
The learned noble haue her gifts in scorne.

It may be some were glad when I was sent,
Twice in Embassage to the Emperours court;
And others sad, respecting that I went,
Furnisht so royally with such resort,
As farre exceedes beleefe of true report:
Speake they their pleasure, Yet with equall worth,
And greater good I came, then I went forth.

Imperious ghost of *Charles* come sit by mine:
He cannot come, but lies in Princes ward,
And he disdaines to sue to *Proserpine*,
Deare fellow ghost (but he will not regard,
Or if he do, from comming is debard:)
Truly Imperious, for thy entertaine
To me, and all the followers of my traine.

The towne of *Bruges*, Princes faire resort,
Flanders rich ornament, noble Peeres Exchange,
The chosen cittie for the Emperours Court,
About whose streetes, my following troupes did range,
Was in her curtesie so highly strange:
That nothing there was suffred to be spent,
Either by me, or any one that went.

Returning

Returning home in farre more glorious sort,
Then *Mardocheus* to the *Median* King,
The summe of my successe I did report,
Pleasing his eares with sound of euery thing;
Eloquence taught my common talke to sing
Contenting matter, and delighting wordes,
No sweeter straines all Musicks art affordes.

Honour's without emploiments of estate,
Are like to sun-beames without heate or light,
A noble man, and not a magistrate,
Shines halfe eclipsed in his cleerest bright:
Ioyne heauenly gifts to earthly, light to light;
Let these great excellencies make a truce,
Fortune shall needeno wheele-write for her vse.

But from a *Monarch* of that soueraigne power,
Twise to be sent; so honourably grac'd,
To *Europs* highest braunch and fairest flower,
In so short season with so happy blast,
Each doubtfull care with wisedome ouercast,
Returning to be more, then going forth,
Was fatall to the *Cardinal* of the North.

Now at such times as Lawyers walke the streets,
Without long rowles of papers in their hands,
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false chalenge to each others lands,
The counsellor without his client stands:
When that large *Capitoll* lies voide and waste,
Where Senators and Iudges late were plac't.

Then in a solemne progresse would I ride,
To see the houses where my liuings lay,
The Image of what was, did not abide,
Nay scarce the memory remaines this day,
For any stranger that shall passe that way.
This course in old *Records* ignoraunce tooke,
Teare the red letters and burne all the booke.

How patient is *Antiquitie* the while,
And all the soules that leane on *Abrahams* breast,
Those sacred spirits, that with inspired stile,
Wrote truly of the church, and hauing ceast,
Their paines on earth, do liue in peace and rest?
" Our parents age worse then our grandsires be,
" We worst beget, our children worse then we.

Then in an humor I accursed strait,
Those vnbaptised sacrilegious hands,
That onely for Gods vestrie laide their waite,
Prophanely seazing on the churches lands,
And casting faire for all while none withstands:
But lest my sorrowes openly should breake,
Thus with my selfe (me thought) I gan to speake.

Ye churches founded by religious Kings,
Reioyce within your Eccho sounding vaultes,
Though enuious *Time* this desolation brings,
Battring your marble pillars with assaults,
And euen in men there rest no meane defaults:
Triumph in this, there is a doome for time,
Reuenge for men that by your losses climbe.

And ye(the seruants of the liuing King,)
Let not your stately pallace walles decline,
No desolation may confusion bring
To those faire monuments,but let them shine,
Old famous *Hospitality* t'enshrine:
That if she now be there,it may appeare,
If not,the stones may witnesse shee was there.

That honor which is left,maintaine it still,
That which is past,(due or not due)t'is gone,
And be you like your selues,come what come will,
Those great procurers of the churches mone,
Shall one day be accusde by euery stone
That now lies mute. Let them aduance their stile,
And boast their armes,beare you the crosse the while

If crosses worne for sanctitie are despisde,
Becausé the wearers, least deserue that crest,
Why should not crests of valour so be priz'd
At equall rate,but they enioy the best,
Being of worthy meedes farre dispossest;
A new *Clarentieux* made for this intent,
One for desart another for discent?

What field deserues emblazon'd more to be,
Then which our Sauiours bloud bestain'd with red?
What Princes heire inherits like degree
To Gods deare sonne,whose blessed armes were spred,
Vpon his armes the crosse,whereon he bled?
All they that serue this Prince must weare that crest,
Like Princes followers fastned on their brest.

And happy is that seruant, that hath store,
Of those crosse-badges, and can vse them well;
Inuisible effects will more and more,
Prouoke a secret vertue to excell,
Wrought inwardly, nor suffer there to dwell,
Vnherauld humorous stampes, that seeme to burne,
When mettall wantes, make coulour serue the turne.

Shall I discourse? that man that wants a crosse,
Is a plaine man vntoucht, and sure downe right,
Content to suffer his saluations losse,
When with a shadow he may hide the light,
And hopes to do it. (O religions night!)
That hidest from our eies, what most appeares,
Crossing of Starres, of Planets, and of Sphæres.

Say then there are no Poles; shortnesse of skill
Followes that propositon: if there be,
Are they not opposite by Gods owne will?
Nay can diuision make equalitie,
Vnlesse the crossing make their euen degree?
He that denies the crossing of each Pole,
Astronomie condemnes him in the whole.

Then they were worne, when no man durst resist,
If now they doe, the world is wiser growne;
Mistaking was the cause I was not blist:
If *Diagrammes* of *Euclide* had bin knowne,
Dioscorides faire twines in gardens sowne;
The Mathematique skil of twining flowers,
Spheres, Globes, the earths authoritie were ours.

No more of this, leſt if I ſay too much,
My lines poore writer, beare the greateſt blame;
I may ſuſpect, becauſe the world is ſuch,
Sometimes iniuriouſly to lay the blame,
On him that ſpeaketh in anothers name:
Yet Ile declare my glorious ſtate much more,
To vex them deeper then they grudg'd before.

Nor was that ſtarre, that ioyned to the ſunne,
Hath beene miraculous at noone daies view,
When equall with his fiery courſe he runne,
Or ſtoode admiring how his greatneſſe grew,
So wondred at, as when they gaue their due
To preſence of my ſtate: If I had light,
All borrowed was from *Henries* princely right.

How bright was he that could afford ſuch beames,
And yet himſelfe be glorious aboue meaſure?
How plentifull that had all flowing ſtreames?
How kingly minded in his endleſſe treaſure?
From him I had my wealth, from me his pleaſure:
Let others ioy by other lights appeare,
True *Cynthaes* father ſhineth in my ſphere.

If I bore pillars, t'was a prophecy,
The church would want them to ſupport their ſtate,
In all my life there was a myſterie
Accompliſht in my fall, yet ſhall I rate
My ſelfe in compaſſe, or appoint a date
To th' Empyrean highneſſe of my birth,
Which I firſt made familiar to this earth?

Loaden

Loaden with reuerence, prowd with mine eie,
Which nothing but obedience would see,
Vnheau'nly musicall I might not lie,
Organs were common, consorts were so free,
That pleasing others, they displeased me:
Entring into my selfe, I sung within,
An higher trebble then which they begin.

How loftie aboue other wings I flew,
And yet vnmelted by my *Phœbus* heate,
How faire a chariot in my sphere I drew,
And moouing still, enioyd a perfect seate,
How royall, how attended, nay how great,
Not I, but all forget but my discent,
No epithete fittes me but Excellent.

My studie, heau'n, my thoughts how to be wise,
My care to flourish, my desire to gaine,
Glorie my end, my comfort still to rise,
And to enioy next place to Princes raigne,
My setled purpose not to fall againe:
My plot was pollicie, wit my defence,
Greatnesse my pride, holinesse my pretence.

In due obseruance of the Lords behests,
So farre as weake mortality perceiu'd,
In such behauiour, as behooued best,
Mortality, vnlesse I were bereau'd,
Or I in it, or it in me deceau'd:
I seem'd to shew, the world so seem'd to see,
For to pretend is now esteem'd to be.

Ierusalem

Ierusalem, the pride of *Palestine*,
Renowned through the world for *Syons* height,
Within whose walls the purest Sun did shine,
That euer gaue heauens euer-shining light,
Though farre most glorious in all earthly sight,
Was iust my Peere; and once of like renowne,
I for a man, as that was for a towne.

What hath the world to which I may compare,
That thing which was my selfe, what I haue beene?
Nature hir selfe is grown exceeding bare,
And Art wants words, and histories faire Queene
Will not report what mortall eies haue seene:
Lest *Muses*, wanting musick take their wings,
As quite amaz'd, and leaue their siluer strings.

Yea they, whose opticke skill redoubles light,
And teaches men how they may see too farre,
That Art which bids Natures poore eies good night,
Gazed vpon the shewes of painted warre,
Or on an arras-wouen blazing starre:
Where Art with Nature curiously did striue,
In busie works of shadowes prospectiue:

When as they neede no more to calculate,
Or secke the house of Planets, and of signes,
They saw the figure of my high estate,
And knew how euery obiect there inclines,
Though iudging spirits be seldome true diuines:
Within my priuate house they might espie,
More of mine honour, then in all the skie.

Who follow'd me, but *Fortune* was at hand,
To follow him? or, if she went before,
To vsher him? or, if I made him stand,
To stand with him? or, if I wisht him more,
To begge herselfe, to amplifie his store?
My birth enioyn'd, my planets to a date,
My selfe made Fortune to be fortunate.

Mans eie makes what is seene to seeme so faire,
Mans eare makes what is heard to sound so sweete,
Mans speech is censur'd by the breathing ayre,
His touch by softnesse; euerie sence is meete
For his owne obiect, but I needes must greete
Sence-wanting Censurers, that faile in this,
Not seeing things aright, they heard amisse.

Why should I satisfie the vulgar sort,
That beast of many, yet not wisest heads?
Whom I could wish some honest friend exhort,
To picke the *Dazies* in his parish meades:
For who my praise-excelling Triumph reades,
Although in glorious places he haue beene,
Must yet imagine more than he hath seene.

For I my selfe that could conceiue as well
As other iudges of mine owne estate,
Stoode dumbe at mine owne height, nay could I tell
What to thinke of my selfe, or how to rate,
The long appointed prouidence of Fate?
For excellencie euer beares this mind,
By no inferior skill to be defin'd.

Let Art in generall seeme to begin,
To specifie, let euery perfect sence
Conceiue, and in conceit all greatnesse winne,
Yet hath my glorie cause of best pretence,
When I am best defin'd by difference:
Describe me then, and there described are,
Might, wisedome, eminence, beyond compare.

To which my threefold ioy, the thrice exceeding
The grace-vouchsafing presence of my King,
Added the spirit of more high proceeding,
Chaunging my tenour to a sweeter string,
For *Phœbus* neuer better light doth bring,
Then when he takes from *Ioues* imperiall seate,
If not his light, yet influence more great.

For once he maskt those his victorious eies,
Wherein both maiestie and mercy shin'd,
Eclipsed (as he thought) but no disguise,
Nor sight-deluding torchlight so could blind
My wandring eies, but euer in my mind,
Somewhat suggested me, there should be One,
Deseru'd more then my place, a royall throne.

The very place wherein a Prince appeares,
Discernes his presence, makes the chamber blest,
Like planets are they knowne within their spheres,
Or as *Halcyon* with her turning brest,
Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west:
This is a certaine Nature of estate,
It cannot masked be, nor change his gate.

And as defaults will more conspicuous be,
How much th'offender greater is esteem'd,
So vertue in a princely body see,
Lamp-like, and farre more excellently deem'd;
That in such vnity it seldome seem'd;
In mutuall approach of highest blisse,
Whether more graced each by other is.

How are they blinded then that dare conspire,
The least offence against great soueraigntie?
Or with *Prometheus* touch one sparke of fire,
Kindled within the breast of *Maiestie?*
How blind that cannot see serenitie?
O let them neuer more inioy their sights,
Prometheus-like, let *Vultures* gnaw their lights.

Who stoppes the triumph of my chariots course?
Or charmes the swiftnesse of my Fortunes blast?
Why lies my pride at anchor to discourse?
And weary *Muse*, why make you so smal hast?
What are you silent? shall I not be grac'de
By sea and land, whom sea and land haue founde;
With wind by land, with tide at sea renownde?

Their violence neuer draue mee to the north,
Whence by the Prouerbe nothing comes but ill.
By great Promotion I proceeded foorth
That worthie Pilot, that hath wondrous skill,
To drawe and withdrawe, promise and fulfill:
At my returne, to doe the prouerbe due,
Either I found or made the prouerbe true.

Why should I doe a seely prouerbe wrong
That meant not mee, not I, his authour knew?
O had he power to make his prouerbe strong,
Or good, or bad; then fortune might renue
My former fauours; be that sentence true.
This answer is enough for my defence;
No harme, I came but halfe the way from thence.

And comming from a climate moist and cold,
I fear'd the south would be too hot for me,
Especially the court, when vncontroll'd,
Within the honest North I might be free
From scorching hatred: happy is that see
Whose Prelate sees no courtiers, none of these
That come a fleecing in their diœcese.

Which sanctity nathlesse pretends no harme,
But zealous hindrance of the churches pride,
Who lately would impropriate a Farme
Vnto the church? Nay who doth not deride
The poore fee simple on the churches side?
And laugh within themselues to see such trickes,
Babes in their cradles heires to Bishoprickes.

Before I stoopt, I hoou'red for my pray;
And stopt my westerne Knight, that once stockt me,
Within the Temple gate I made him stay;
In tenure of Knights-seruice, where his fee
Was like his practise, short of his degree:
And there he deckt the tower with great excesse;
Would God men could out-build their wickednesse.

Then should the rich foundation princely layd,
Of this faire church halfe expiate my sinnes,
Or were as much of my great ransome payd,
As here is laide of this, but nought he winnes,
That cannot finish that which he beginnes:
In some calme rest my troubled soule would bide,
Might I, but where I built, be iustifi'de.

My buildings stand without an Echoes sound,
Yet they are loftie, and the waters nigh:
What bashful Eccho walks the solemne round?
Or rather what inhabitants? or why?
Or else how long wil they my worth deny?
If by the waters side my building lie,
Shall that faire riuer drowne my memory?

The pedant minister and seruing clarke,
The ten-pound, base, frize-ierking hireling,
The Farmers Chaplaine with his quarter marke,
The twentie noble Curate, and the thing,
Cal'd *Elder*, all these gallants needes will bring
All reuerend titles into deadly hate,
Their godly calling, and my high estate.

It ill befits my triumph to acquaint,
The shew thereof with such a rabblement;
Or turne my glory to a light complaint,
But that I would afford each complement,
As princes do to cause their meriment:
Diuiner fooles then these sprung vp of late,
Did neuer Porter bring within his gate.

Wolseius triumphans.

Tis superstition to erect high towers,
But great religion to enioy their height,
Folly to spend the vtmost of our powers,
To kindle sacred learnings ioyfull light,
And saue the Muses from eternall night:
But had none founded Colledges and Schooles,
Whence had they wisedome to account vs fooles?

Alureds owne wings, and *Bayliols* owne zeale,
(Both Kings renowmed for their gracious deede;
The three religious *Winchesters* did seale
Their praises, and their statutes with like speede,
Nor do the *Lincolnes* want deserued meede:
Why should not I of *Yorke* by right expect,
Equall remembrance for my greater act?

Wolseius moriens.

With honorable burdens I haue tir'de
My Fortunes wheele that it can turne no more,
The leases of my lordships are expir'de,
My lamp burnt out, poore *Metaphors* great store
To trope my miseries my heart growes sore:
Help me, for I haue surfeited of late,
Some *Paracelsian* of a sublimate.

Sublim'd indeede, but all the purest gone,
The treasure is in others coffers laid,
Now write *Melpomene* my tragicke mone,
Call *Neroes* learned maister, he will ayd,
Thy failing quill with what himselfe once sayd:
Neuer did Fortune greater instance giue,
In what fraile state prowd Magistrates do liue.

Behold my graue, where scarce lies any stone
To couer me, nor roofe to couer it,
And when thou seest our ruines both in one,
One *Epitaph* will equally befit
The church and me, let neuer man of wit
Be vsde therein; paint on the churches wall,
Here lies an Abbey, there a Cardinall.

Wolseius moriens.

The North was neuer warme since I came thence,
Leicester was neuer rich since I lay there,
O blasting spirit of me, dead influence,
In countries, whose poore wasted *Hemisphere*
Did euer since a greater burden beare:
Teares that should fall from eies of each degree,
Are Isicles, and will not melt for me.

The peoples hearts of late are strung so hard,
That they will breake before one note shall sound,
Or so vntunable, that still they iar de;
Their braines so like the Moone, whose coate they found,
That teares for toyes, and not true cause abound:
Call vp my spirites themselues, all are asleepe,
Distill my ashes, yet they cannot weepe:

All as my *Chrysom*, so my winding sheete,
None ioy'de my birth, none mourn'd my death to see,
The short Parenthesis of life was sweete,
But short; what was before, vnknowne to me,
And what must follow, is the Lords decree:
The period of my glory is expresst,
Now of my death, and then my Muse take rest.

Not such as I tooke, when they from me hent
The Seale of *England*, by great *Hewries* will,
Wherein his picture with his fauour went,
A double losse: They that haue Courtiers skill,
They that haue fauor, let them signe their bill
While wax is warme, and Fortune seemes to blesse,
And Princes seale is ready to impresse.

For

For I vnseal'd was open to the view
Of all that read my fortune: some woulde say,
They thought as much before, but that's vntrue,
Because they saw no likelihood of decay,
No bird that striu'd, nor beast that lost his way:
But men interpreted and made a glosse,
Imagining them Prophets of my losse.

My Crosses fall, and Chaplains broken head,
Were Oracles in silence, cause of feare,
Emblemes of trouble, impreses of dread,
Doubt and suspition in my minde did reare
Heauy conceits, when nothing did appeare:
Such are the desperate troubles of our soule,
Where greater things the better things controule.

The day was now approaching nigh at hand,
Of my enstalment in *Yorkes* gracious See,
Th'æternall Prouidence did then withstand,
M'intented enterprise; but things must be,
As heau'ns fore-seeing wisedome shall decree:
The mace of Honor, borne like Vertues crest,
Was now laid on my shoulder for arrest.

I did not meane with Predecessors pride
To walke on cloth as custome did require,
More fit that cloth were hung on either side
In mourning wise, or make the poore attire,
More fit the dirige of a mournfull quire:
In dull sad notes all sorrowes to exceede
For him, in whom the Princes loue is dead.

Wolſeius moriens.

I am the toombe where that affection lies,
That was the cloſet where it liuing kept:
Yet wiſemen ſay affection neuer dies;
No but it turnes, and when it long hath ſlept,
Lookes heauy like the eie that long hath wept:
O could it die, that were a reſtfull ſtate;
But liuing, it conuerts to deadly hate.

My ſeruants ſhal like bondmen ſerue the time,
My guard attend, without or welt or gard,
We now are ſubiect to another clime,
Vaine pride, and ſumptuous pomp we muſt diſcar'd,
For from my loſſe they haue their iuſt reward:
Now is captiuity the firſt degree
Of downefall by commiſſion falne on me.

But why do I heere ceaſe at my arreſt;
By which I am prouoked to proceede?
O Libertie how much is that man bleſt,
Whoſe happy fortune do his fates areede,
That for Deſerts reioyces to be freede?
Much more may others grieue, and much more I,
That for Deſert haue loſt our Libertie.

By ſhort and heauy iourneys I was brought
To *Sheffield* parke, there taking ſweete repoſe,
Where true Nobilitie intirely ſought
T'ennoble griefe, and entertaine my woes:
O how doth heau'n the courſe of cares diſpoſe,
By enterchange of honor and of pleaſure,
To augment our miſeries exceeding meaſure?

His

His traines attendance shew'd my glories past,
(Bitter remembrance) and my present shame,
(Vnhappy presence) and the times of waste,
Accusing all when I deseru'd the blame,
Accursing Change that keepes mee not the same:
Let him that sees his priuate miserie,
Auoid the prospect of prosperitie.

It breeds pale Enuy, and sad Discontent,
Procures offence before a proffered wrong,
Torments it selfe, till all conceits are spent,
And thoughts deliuered by malitious tongue;
Then rapt with violent fury, growes so strong,
That it enuenomes all our humane parts,
Blind-iudging eies, and sense-confounding harts.

Farre better had I met vpon the way;
Legions of *Lazars*, ghosts of men vniust,
Afflicted spirits tormented night and day,
With Prides remembrance, and incestuous lust,
Appearing in their ornaments of dust:
Such passengers might well haue met with me
Of like profession, and of like degree.

Ages to come will thankfully admire,
That princes worth which pitied prelates want,
Those benefits are noble and entire,
But in few grounds increaseth such a plant,
Since their old vertuous rootes are growne so scant.
Professions doubt breedes good house-keepers care,
That though they would, yet few there are that dare.

Sickneſſe the *Herault* of armes, hearts, and all,
Fruſtrating all arreſts, arreſts my health,
Stopping my vitall powres, and did fall
So violent, and with ſo ſodaine ſtealth,
As that it ceaz'd on all my ſpirits wealth:
Some thought it was a wind, and ſooth they ſay,
It blew my breath, my life, and all away.

By this time, and t'was more then high time now,
Another Knight was ſent me from the King,
To whom (ſaluting me) I gan a vow,
My innocencie, till his words did ring
A peale of ioyes, neuer did *Syren* ſing,
Nor Sayler heare ſuch muſike on the ſeas,
Sweetly to ſound, and rauiſhingly pleaſe.

The King ſaid he, (thereat I lowly bent)
Commends him (then I rear'd my heart againe)
Commaunds me, (how I muz'd at his intent)
Aſſure you that his Grace doth ſtill remaine,
His royall ſelfe your louing ſoueraigne:
And wills you by his beames your thoughts to cleere,
Shrowded ſo long in clowdes of heauy cheere.

Where blind reports haue buzzed in his eares,
Some heinous crimes wherein you ſhould offend,
Since no ſound proofe, no certaintie appeares,
He reckes them of no truth, nor to no end,
Which made him in his princely iudgement ſend
To heare your triall, and not iudge before,
He could commaund no leſſe, you craue no more.

I thank't him for his kindnesse, and repli'de,
Did now the liuehood of my youth remaine,
Had not my strength late with my honor di'de,
No opposite occasion could restraine
My iourney poste, but yet ere *Phœbus* waine
Haue drawne him twice vnto his westerne rest,
I hope to be in better health addrest.

Two Agonies at once, each in his kind,
Vnite themselues, and so diuided me,
The bodies griefe, and passions of the mind,
Agreeing in strength, and striuing in degree,
Worke on their subiect, leauing one to be
Patient of sickenesse, suppliant of mone,
And I, poore I, must be that odious one.

My Mitre with two toppes deceiu'd my head,
Within one top of *Antichrists* owne crowne,
In this I blessed am, in being dead
Before I wore that weight that casts men downe,
The soules and bodies both be ouerthrowne:
And were my Rotchet true religions staine,
Repenting teares now wash it white againe.

Comming to *Leicester*, hal'd at their gate,
The Abbot with his Couent and their lights
Met me, (O then againe I saw the state,
Not mine, but theirs, not theirs, but churches rights)
This was the last of all the holy nights:
When no pure Planet would this sadnesse see,
The very toarches dropt blacke teares for me.

The

The Abbot meeting me stood halfe amaz'd,
Doubting what title should befit me best:
Seeing him silent, when I had embrac'd,
Thus opned I the closure of my brest;
Father I come to take my latest rest:
Vouchsafe for this vile flesh some holy shrine,
Prouide a place to lay these bones of mine.

Would God (said he) would God this body were
Thy spirits worthy keeper and so strong
As they are high, then might you ouerbeare
The strange attempts of such as haue too long
Offred your Lordship, as you thinke, some wrong:
But noble Cardinall, what shall we do?
Sickenesse is growne a *Politician* too.

Indeede perchance (I said) it may preuent
Such courses as my calling ill befits,
I rather chuse that death should make extent,
Then I consume my fiery spirit of wits,
For he that stands may fall, and he that sits
May feele vnsetled ease, then let me die,
So in my graue securely shall I lie.

Thus in I went into their holy Cell,
Where new obiections wandred in my mind,
Why could I not be once content to dwell,
In like meane sort, and to like orders bind
My life? why was I not so well inclin'd?
A quiet roofe seem'd then too meane for me,
I sold my selfe to purchase high degree.

Monkes, let your charitable tapers burne,
That I may see my selfe with outward light;
Fie, outward lampes will neuer serue my turne,
And of my selfe within I haue no sight,
When it is day abroad, in me t'is night:
Blacke smoake arises from my very name,
I want the oile that should maintaine the flame.

Then gentle *Kingstone* thinking to appease
And mitigate the troubles of my mind,
Mistooke the nature of my great disease;
Doubt not, said he, the Prince is well inclin'd,
And his good will your Lordship soone shall find:
He wishes your long life; Ah but said I,
The Prince of heau'n determines I shall die.

And had the dutie to my God bin such,
As it was faithful seruing to the King,
Then had my conscience free from feare or touch,
Mounted aloft on *Cherubins* swift wing,
In holy consort borne a Part to sing:
That now with heauy weight is ouerspread,
And with my body wishes to be dead.

But now my Soule, how wandrest thou abroade
Through Labyrinths inextricable wayes?
Oh finde some ready passage to thy God!
And age, forget the course of yonger dayes,
Forget the pomp and peoples flattering prayse:
And Death (if thou regard a mans request)
Set free my spirite that faine would be at rest.

Wolseius moriens.

Why some are gone already, looke about,
Did no man meete part of my soule before?
I had but three, one and an halfe are out;
Nay had I more then one? I had no more,
God saue the substance of that little store:
I hope one goes to heau'n, why then t'is well,
Philosophie, and both the rest to hell.

Ile vegetate no longer, perish Sence,
Aspire sweete Reason, and by faith, ascend,
Flie to the perfect pure Intelligence,
Humble Repentance, teach me how to bend
My carefull passage to that ioyfull end:
What is't a clocke? as soone as eight hath strooke,
My soule this earthly bodie hath forsooke.

My Lord, (said one) the clocke shall neuer strike,
No but the howre will come, and that's all one;
But Sir, these prophecies proue seldome like:
Yes at the howre of death, else few or none,
Where earthly clowdes are halfe remou'd and gone,
The soule at separation mends her view,
With purer insight she discernes what's true.

Is not that *Wainflet* that is come for me,
Great Founder of the sinfull womans towres,
With *Wickams* ghost, fathers of like degree?
Come they of late from Gods celestiall bowres?
Ile go with them, O if the precious showres
Of that vnspotted Lambe with droppes of bloud,
Haue washt you cleane, let me enioy like good.

When

Wolseius moriens.

When shall my toombe at *Windsor* be prepar'd,
That wants a tenant now expecting me?
It is a monument of good regard,
Befitting well a man of best degree,
O that I now lay buried vnder thee;
And by my side closde vp in dustie vales,
All voices, Ecchoes, talkes, reports, and tales.

I want my Balme to be perfum'd withall,
My coffin is too close a lodge for me,
Fie, fie, addresse me to my funerall,
My mother Earth mine onely wife shall be,
And yet no incest, sithence onely she
Beares al her sonnes and daughters in one wombe,
She *Europes*, *Amerikes*, *Affrickes*, *Asiaes* toombe.

Those worldlings that wont Nature to accuse,
For giuing Rauens longer liues then men,
Let them the ioy of their opinion vse,
And rauing liue content in earthly denne,
Let age lend them the spectacles to kenne:
This body is a gaole, our soule enlarg'd,
And when we die, our debtes are al discharg'd.

So if I rest indebted to my Lord,
Then let him take my body, soule, and all,
Faine would I see him of mine owne accord,
Or heare that warrant that should quickly call
Me to appeare at sizes generall:
Meane while within this Porters lodge to stay,
But till I shall desire to breake away.

Twixt this and then I wil deuise a word,
That ten times ten sound worse than *Guilty* may;
My Conscience shall witnesses afford,
As many as are minutes in a day,
I charge it not dissemble any way.
If for my triall they demaund my will,
My *Country* hath and doth condemne me still.

Whither? to Lions denne? *Daniel* came thence;
I am not worthy to succeede his place:
O'r to the Wolues? there lies my best defence,
For I was rauenous in the time of Grace,
To spoyle the forrest, and the plants deface:
The chosen sheepe will to the Shepheard say,
I was the sheepe that euer went astray.

Yet I that durst offend, dare hope for grace
Beyond all reason, contrary to sense,
Saluation heauy sinners may embrace,
If God remit the guilt of deep offence;
Let all the world hang in their owne suspence,
The world is but a poynt, whereon men dwell,
And I am at a poynt what they can tell.

If any billes of new inditement come,
At the Kings bench in heau'n I must appeere,
Long since arrested, now expect my doome;
Sue where you list, but I must answere there,
Die and accuse me in that hemisphere;
No'r flesh, nor bloud my Declaration telles,
Mine owne accuser in my bosome dwelles.

In whose great Temple richly beautified,
Pau'd al with Starres disperst on Saphyre flowre,
The *Clarke* is a pure *Angel* sanctified,
The *Iudge* our true *Messias* full of powre,
Th' *Apostles* his *Assistants* euery houre,
The *Iury Saints*, the *Verdict Innocent*,
The sentence, *Come ye blessed to my tent.*

The speare that pearc'd his side, the writing *Pen*,
Christs bloud the *Incke*, red incke for princes name,
The vailes great breach, the miracle for men,
The sight is shew of them that long dead came
From their old graues, restor'd to liuing frame,
And that last signet passing all the rest,
Our soules discharg'd by *Consummatum est.*

Here endlesse ioy is their perpetuall cheare,
Their exercise sweete songs of many parts,
Angells the quire, whose *Symphonie* to heare,
Is able to prouoke conceiuing harts,
To misconceiue of al inticing Arts:
The Dittie prayse, the subiect is the Lord,
That tunes their gladsome spirit to this accord.

Stay then till some good *Meteor* appeare,
Or let the Sunne exhale me vapor-wise,
Stirre *Charles-wayne*, and see the coast be cleare,
Let no congealed clowdes or mistes arise
Along the moouing circle of the skies;
Or rather shut vp all in darksome night,
That none may see my silent secret flight.

FINIS.

READER: the *Decôrum* is kept euen in these *Errata*: there is no reason that a Booke should be without faultes, when the person of whom the booke intreateth had so many in his life. But the Author could haue wisht, that *Wolsey* had corrected his errors while he liued, on that condition, that himselfe had committed none in the description of his life. If the reader find any more then are here set downe, let him remember that it is a matter ineuitable, vnlesse Nature had either placed our eyes behind vs, or the wallet of faults before vs.

A 4 side 2 line 14 *dele* now. C 2 line 6 for When reade Where. *Ibid*, line 7 for Where reade Nor. E 3 side 1 line 6 The man that. *Ibid*. line 9 for rupulse reade repulse. F the last page line 21 reade immortall dayes. K 2 side 2 line 6 triall.

I. S.

From Roy's Satire against Wolsey - entitled

"Rede me and be nott wrothe" (1530)

"a brefe Dialoge betwene two prestes Seruants, named Watkyn and Jeffraye.

Jeff. Fyrst, as I sayde, there is a Cardinall,
Which is the Ruler principall,
Through the realme in every parte.
Wat. Have they not in Englonde a kynge?
Jeff. Alas mate, speake not of that thynge.
For it goeth to my verye harte.
And I shall shewe the a cause whye.
There is no Prynce under the skye.
That to compare with hym is able.
A goodly persone he is of stature
Endued with all gyftes of nature.
And of gentylnes incomparable.
In sondrye sciences he is sene,
Hauynge a ladye to his Quene,
Example of womanlye behauioure.
Notwithstandynge for all this,
By the Cardinall ruled he is,
To the distaynynge of his honoure.
Wat. Doeth he folowe the Cardinales intente?
Jeff. Yee, and that the comones repente,
With many a wepynge teare.
Wat. The Cardinall reyeth theym than?
Jeff. Alas sens Englande fyrst began,
Was never soche a tyrante theare...
He tourneth all thynge topsy turuy.
Nott sparynge for eny symony
To sell spretuall gyftes.
In graunted of consanguinite,
To many with in neare degre,
He getteth awaye mens thryftes.

Lawfull wedlocke to divorce,
He geveth very lytle force
Knowynge no cause wherfore.
He playeth the devill and his dame,
All people reportynge the same,
Course the tyme that ever he was bore.
Wat. It cannot syncke in my mynde,
That the Cardinall is so blynde,
To make eny soche divorcement.
Jeff. Thoughit be nott in thy beleefe,
I tell the to putt it in preefe,
He doth all that he can invent.
Wat. Betwixte whom dost thou were?
Jeff. Betwixte the Kynge and the Quene, Cath. of Arr
Which have bene longe of one assent.
Wat. Some cause then he hath espyed,
Which asunder theym to devyde,
Is necessary and urgent.
Jeff. Nay Kynge but the Butcher doth fayne,
That the goode Lady is barayne,
Lyke to be past chylde bearynge,
Wat. Had the Kynge never chylde by her?
Jeff. No man sawe ever goodlyer,
Then those which She forth did bryngе.
Wat. Is there eny of theym alyve?
Jeff. Ye, a Princes, whom to descryve, Born Feb. 1516
It were herde for an oratoure.
She is but a chylde of age,
And yett is she bothe wyse and sage,
Of very beautifull favcoure.
Perfectly she doth represent,
The singuler graces excellent
Bothe of father and mother.
Howe be it all this nott regardynge,
The Carter of yorcke is meddelynge,
For to divorce theym asonder.

Wat. In these parties it is verifyed,
That he hath a College edified,
Of merveleus foundacion.
Jeff. Of prevy houses of baudry
He hath made a Stues openly,
Endued with large exibicion.
Wat. Lyckest thou to whoarmongers
A colage of clarkes and scolears,
Ensuynge learned endicion?
Jeff. Thou maist perceave by reason,
That vertue shalbe very geason,
Amonge a sorte of lyble losels,
Which have ryches infinite,
In welth and worldly delyte,
Geven to pleasure and nothynge elas.
Wat. They rede there both greke and ebrue.
Jeff. I will not saye but it is true,
That there be men of grette science,
Howe be it where pryde is the begynnynge,
The devill is comenly the endynge.
As we se by experience:
And yf thou consyder well,
Even as the towre of Babell,
Began of a presumpcion.
So this colledge I dare undertake,
Which the Cardinall doth make,
Shall consume de the region.
What is it to se dogges and cattes,
Gargell hedded and Cardinall hattes,
Paynted on walles with mochie cost,
Which ought of dute to be spent,
Upon pore people indigent,
For lacke of fode utterly lost.

Wat. Doth he use on mules to ryde?
Jeff. Ye, and thatwith so shamfull pryde,
That to tell it is not possible.
More lyke a god celestiall,
Then eny creature mortall,
With worldly pompe inaedible.
Before hym rydeth two prestes stronge,
And they beare two crosses right longe,
Gapynge in every mans face.
After theym folowe two layemen secular.
And eache of theym holdynge a pillar
In their hondes, steade of a mace.
Then folowith my Lorde on his mule,
Trapped with golde under her cule,
In every poynt most curiously.
On eache syde a pollaxe is borne,
Which in none wothen use are worne,
Pretendynge some hid mistery.
Then hath he servaunts fyve or six score,
Some behynde and some before,
A marvelous great company.
Of which are lordes and gentlemen,
With many gromes and yemen,
And also knaves amonge.
Thus dayly he proceedith forthe,
And men must take it at worthe.
Whether he do right or wronge.
A grett carle he is and a fatt,
Weanynge on his hed a red hatt,
Procured with angels subsidy.
And, as they say, in tyme of reyne,
Fower of his gentelmen are fayne
To holde over it a cannopy.
Besyde this, to tell the more newes,
He hath a payre of costly shewes
Which sildom touche eny grownde.

They

They are so goodly and curious,
All of gold and stones precious,
Costynge many a thousande pounde.
Wat. And who did further shewe paye?
Jeff. Truly many a ryche abbaye,
To be easied of his visitation.
Wat. Doth he in his owne persone visit?
Jeff. No, another for hym doth it,
That can skyll of the occupacion.
A felawe nether wyse nor sadde,
But he was never yett full madde,
Though he be frantyke and more.
Doctor Allyn he is named,
One that to lye is not asshamed
Yff he spye avauntage therfore.
Wat. Are so che with hym in eny pryce?
Jeff. Ye, for they do all his advyce,
Whether it be wronge or right.
Wat. Hath the Cardinall eny gay mansion?
Jeff. Grett palaces with out compareson,
Most glorious of outwarde sight:
And with in decked poynt devise,
More lyke unto a paradise,
Then an erthely habitacion.
Wat. He cometh then of some noble stocke?
Jeff. His Father coulde snatche a bullocke,
A Butcher by his occupacion.
Wat. How came he into this glory?
Jeff. Playnly by the devils policy,
As it is every where sayde.
Wat. Are the states here with all content?
Jeff. Yff they speake aught they are shent,
Wherfore I tell the they are a frayde.

He

Wat. How was then abhorred of his Prince?
Jeff. By my troth man, not an ynche.
Still in favoure continually.
Wat. By the devill then he worketh?
Jeff. Truly so every man iudgeth,
But alas what remedy.
Wat. Hath he children by his whoares also?
Jeff. Ye, and that full prowdly they go,
Namely one whom I do knowe,
Which hath of the churches goodes yerely,
More then two thousand pownde yerely.
And yett is not content I trowe.
His name is master Winter,
To whom my lorde his father,
Hathe gotten of the frenche kynges grace,
That when the bisshop of Rome,
Out of this lyfe is dedde and gone,
He shall succede hym in his place.
Wat. And is his Father as redy,
To promote the noble progeny,
As he is towardes his bastardes?
Jeff. He favoureth lytell noble lynage,
Takynge a wage their heritage,
Rather then he will them forwardes.
He breaketh mens testamentes
And contrary to their intentes,
At his owne mynde and pleasure.
Many a goode ladys joynter,
He engroseth up into his cofer
Of the which some here to name,
I reckon the Countes of Darby,
With the Countes of Salsbury,
Also the Duches of Buckyngame.

From Rob: Armin's "Nest of Ninnies" printed in 1608.

"On a time appointed the king [Hen. VIII.] dined at Windsor in the chappel yard, at Cardinal Wolsey's, at the same time when he was building that admirable worke of his Tombe, at whose gate stood a number of poore people to be served of alms when dinner was done within, & as Will Sommers past by, they saluted him, taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. So he comes, & finding the king at dinner, & the Cardinall by attending: to disgrace him that he never loved "Harry, sayes he, lend me ten pound." "What to do," saies the king? "To pay 3 quarts of the Cardinals creditors," quoth he, "to whom my word is past, and they are come now for the money." "That thou shalt Will," quoth he. "Creditors of mine," saies the Cardinall, "Ile give your grace my head if any man can justly aske me a penny." "No, saies Will, lend me ten pound & if I pay it not where thou owest it, Ile give thee twenty for it." "Do so," sayes the king. "That I will, my Liege, saies the Cardinall, tho' I know I owe none." With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate & distributes it to the poore, & brought the empty bag. "There is thy bag again," saies he, "thy creditors are satisfied and my word out of danger." "Who received it, sayes the king, the brewer or the baker?" "Neither, Harry," sayes Will Sommers "but Cardinal, answer me in one thing: To whom dost thou owe thy soule?" "To God," quoth he. "To whom thy wealth?" "To the poore," sayes he. "Take thy forfeit, Harry," sayes the Foole, "open confession, open penance: his head is thine, for to the poore at the gate I paid his debt, wch he quelds is due: or if thy stony heart will not yield it so, save thy head by denying thy word, & lend it me: then knowest I am poore & have neither wealth nor wit, & thou lendest to the poor, God will pay thee tenfold: he is my surety, arrest him, for by my troth, I am sure he will pay thee." The king laught at the jest, & so did the Cardinall for anger, but it grieved him to just away ten pound so. Yet worse tricks than this Will Sommers served him after, for indeed he could never abide him: and the forfeiture of his head had like to have been payed, had he not prevented himself." E.3.4.

Cotton MSS. Julius F. X. in Mus. Brit.

Witty answeres and saiengs of Englishmen.

"Cardinall Wolsey his teethe watering at the riche Bisshoppricke of Winchester, sent one unto Bisshoppe Foxe (who had advanced him unto the kinges service) for to move him to resigne the Bisshoppricke, because extreame age had made him blinde: the whiche message & motion Foxe did take in so yll part, that he willed the messager to tell the Cardinall thus from him: - "that although, olde age bereavinge me of sight I knowe not white from blacke, yet I can discerne truthe from falsehoode, right from wrange; ye, and that nowe I am blinde I have espied his malicious unthankefulnesse; the whiche I coulde never before perceive when mine eie sight was at the best: & lett my Lorde Cardinall take heede that his ambition & covetousnes bringe him not into a worse blindenes then I have, & make him fall before he feare. wherefore lett him take no care for the Bisshoppricke of Winchester, the whiche I will guide & governe, not with the eeies of my bodie but of my minde; but looke well unto the businesse that he hath to do for the kinge, and therin wholy occupie his sight & senses, lest he otherwise chaunce to beshrewe him selfe, and be sorry that his foresight was no better." fol. 63.

7589 Storer (T.) Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey Cardinall (in Verse), *T. Park's copy, with his autograph and MS. notes*
T. Dawson, 1599

*** This copy was marked £21. in the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica.

Our author had produced so many plays in the preceding years, that it is not likely that *K. Henry VIII.* was written *before* 1601. It might perhaps with equal propriety be ascribed to 1602, and it is not easy to determine in which of those years it was composed; but it is extremely probable that it was written in one of them. It was not printed till 1623.

A book or poem, called "The Life and Death of Thomas Woolsey Cardinall," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' company, in the year 1599, perhaps suggested this subject to Shakspeare.

Thomas Storer, Son of John Storer a Londoner, was elected Student of Ch. Ch. Oxon. 1587, & compleated his degree of A. M. 1594 - at which time he was had in great renown for his most excellent vein in poësy, not only expressed in verses printed in several books made occasionally by the members of the university; but for that written in English verse, entit.

"The Life & Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal." Lond. 1599 - 4to.

which Book being perused by the learned Dr. Alberic Gentilis, he makes this mention of Wolsey & our Author - Lond. Legat. p. 160. 'Atque ô utinam & quod Wolsæo ædificatori magnificentissimi 'collegii Christi, præstitum ab ingenioso poeta est,' &c p. 41 - The truth is, says Wood, Storer obtained from the then academicians great credit for that work, particularly from his friend Cha. Fitz-Jeffrey the Poet of Broadgates' Hall. - He died at London in Novem. 1604 - Ath. Oxon. I. 326-7

In "Englands Helicon" 1600 - are some Pastorals & Madrigals by Storer

Storer has a Copy of commendatory Verses before Vaughans Golden Grove 16mo 1600

[illegible] consists of 7 sixline stanzas

n/+.

Charles Fitzgeffrey in his Affania. 1601. has the following compliment to our author, in addition to those before his Work-

"Ad Thomam Storerum
de Wolsæo suo.
Aspirante. Triumphante, Moriente.

Dum tuus aspirat Præsul, suspirat Apollo,
Atq; ait; Huc Daphne, nō mihi serta dabit.
Dūq; Triūfat, ovās partoq; superba trophæo
Laudis, io, victrix Musa, Triumphe canit.
Deniq; dum Moritur, Libitina imponit avara,
Sæcula furatur qui Linteama sibi." Sign D. 6